
THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY
MORALITY PLAY

EVERY=MAN

.....
FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION
.....

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



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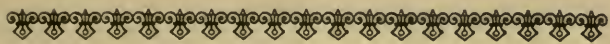
James Deane & Son



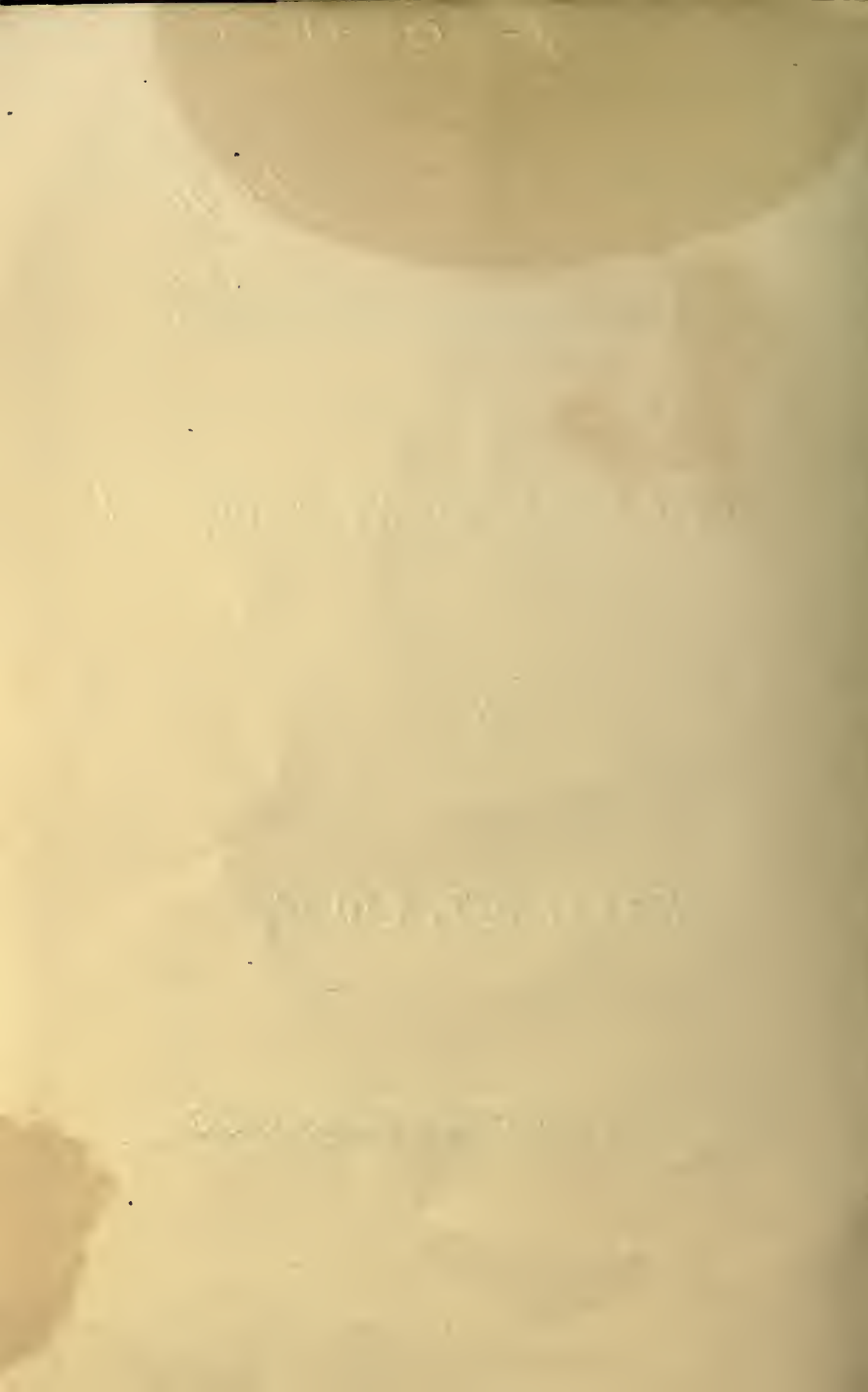
EVERY-MAN.

A

MORALITY.



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EVERY-MAN.

This Morality, or moral play, was published early in the reign of Henry VIII. and is given from a black-letter copy, preserved in the library of the church of Lincoln; it was communicated to the editor with the greatest politeness by the Rev. Dr. Stinton, chancellor of that church. The design of it was to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her popish superstitions.

As the most ingenious Dr. Percy has given an Analysis of this and the following Moralities, they are, with his permission, prefixed to the present edition. "The subject of this piece is the summoning of man out of the world by death; and its moral, that nothing will then avail him but a well-spent life and the comforts of religion. This subject and moral are opened in a monologue spoken by the Messenger, (for that was the name generally given by our ancestors to the prologue on their rude stage:) Then God is represented; who, after some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for Dethe, and orders him to bring before his tribunal Every-man, for so is called the personage who represents the human race. Every-man appears, and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror. When Dethe is withdrawn, Every-man applies for relief in this distress to Felawshyp, Kyndrede, Goodes, or Riches, but they successively renounce and forsake him. In this disconsolate state he betakes himself to Good-Dedes, who, after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her, introduces him to her sister Knowledge, and she leads him to the holy man Confession, who appoints him penance: this he inflicts upon himself on the stage, and then withdraws to receive the sacraments of the priest. On his return he begins to wax faint; and, after Strength, Beaute, Discrecion, and Fyve-wyttes, have all taken their final

"leave

*"leave of him, gradually expires on the stage; Good-
"dedes still accompanying him to the last. Then an
"Aungell descends to sing his requiem: and the epilogue
"is spoken by a person, called Doctour, who recapitu-
"lates the whole, and delivers the moral:*

Doctour.

*This moral men may have in mynde;
Ye berers, take it of worth old: and younge,
And forsake pryde, for be deceyved you in the ends,
And remembre Beaute, Fyve-wyttes, Strength, and Dyscrecyon;*

*They all at the last do Every-man forsake;
Save his Good-dedes there doth he take:
But be ware, and they be smale,
Before God he bath no helpe at all.*

*"From this short analysis it may be observed that
"EVERYMAN is a grave solemn piece, not without some
"rude attempts to excite terror and pity, and therefore
"may not improperly be referred to the class of tragedy.
"It is remarkable that in this old simple drama the
"fable is conducted upon the strictest model of the Greek
"tragedy. The action is simply one, the time of action is
"that of the performance, the scene is never changed,
"nor the stage ever empty. Every-man, the hero of the
"piece, after his first appearance never withdraws, ex-
"cept when he goes out to receive the sacrament, which
"could not well be exhibited in publick; and during
"this Knowledge descants on the excellence and power
"of the priesthood, somewhat after the manner of the
"Greek chorus. And, indeed, except in the circumstance
"of Every-man's expiring on the stage the Sampson
"Agonistes of Milton is hardly formed on a severer
"plan."*

HERE

HERE BEGYNNETH A TREATYSE HOW
THE HYE FADER OF HEVEN SENDETH
DETHE TO SOMON EVERY CREATURE
TO COME AND GYVE A COUNTTE OF
THEYR LVES IN THIS WORLDE, AND
IS IN MANER OF A MORALLE PLAYE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MESSENGER.

GOD.

DETHE.

EVERY-MAN.

FELAWSHIP.

KYNDREDE.

GOODES.

GOOD-DEDES.

KNOWLEGE.

CONFESSION.

BEAUTE.

STRENGTH.

DYSCRESION.

FIVE-WYTTES.

AUNGELL.

DOCTOUR.

Messenger.

I Pray you all gyve your audyence,
And here this mater with reverence,
By fygure a morall playe;

The somonyng of Every-man, called it is,
That of our lyves and endyng shewes,
How transytory we be all daye:
This mater is wonders precyous,
But the entent of it is more gracyous,
And swete to bere awaye.

The story sayth — Man, in the begynnyng
Loke well, and take good heed to the endyng,
Be you never so gay:

Ye thynke sinne in the begynnyng full swete,
Whiche in the ende causeth the soule to wepe,
Whan the body lyeth in claye.

Here shall you se how *Felawship*, and *Jolyte*,
Bothe *Strengthe*, *Pleasure*, and *Beaute*,
Wyll fade from the as floure in maye;
For ye shall here, how our heven kynge
Calleth *Every-man* to a generall rekenyng:
Gyve audyence, and here what he doth saye.

EVERY-MAN.

God speketh.

I Perceyve here in my majeste,
How that all creatures be to me unkynde,
Lyvyng without drede in worldly prosperyte;
Of ghostly fyght the people be so blynde,
Drowned in synne they know me not for theyr God;
In worldely ryches is all theyr mynde,
Thy fere not my ryghtwysnes, the sharpe rood;
My lawe that I shewed whan I for them dyed
They forgete clene, and shedyng of my blode rede;
I hanged bytwene two it can not be denyed;
To gete them lyfe I suffred to be deed;
I heled theyr fete, with thornes hurt was my heed;
I coude do no more than I dyde truely,
And nowe I se the people do clene forsake me:
They use the seven deedly synnes dampnable,
As pryde, coveytyse, wrath, and lechery,
Now in the worlde be made commendable:
And thus they leve of aungelles the heavenly company,
Every man lyveth so after his owne pleasure,
And yet of theyr lyfe they be nothyng sure:
I se the more that I them forbere
The worse they be fro yere to yere;
All that lyveth appayreth faste,
Therefore I wyll in all the haste
Have a rekenyng of every mannes persone;
For, and I leve the people thus alone
In theyr lyfe and wycked tempestes,
Verily they wyll become moche worse than beestes:
For now one wolde by envye another up ete;
Charyte they do all clene forgete:
I hoped well that every man
In my glory shoulde make his mansyon,
And therto I had them all electe;
But now I se, like traytours dejecte,
They thanke me not for the pleasure that I to them ment,

Nor

Nor yet for theyr beyng that I them have lent :
I profered the people grete multytude of mercy,
And fewe there be that asketh it hertly ;
They be so combred with worldly ryches,
That nedes on them I must do justyce,
On every man lyvyng without fere. —
Where art thou, *Deth*, thou mighty messengere ?

Dethe.

Almyghty God, I am here at your wyll,
Your commaundement to fulfyll.

God.

Go thou to *Every-man*,
And shewe hym in my name,
A plygrymage he must on hym take,
Whiche he in no wyse may escape ;
And that he brynge with hym a sure rekenyng,
Without delay or ony taryenge.

Dethe.

Lorde, I wyll in the worlde go renne over all,
And cruelly out serche bothe grete and small ;
Every man wyll I beset that lyveth beestly,
Out of Gooddes lawes, and dredeth not foly :
He that loveth rychesse I wyll stryke with my darte
His syght to blynde, and fro heven to departe,
Excepte that almes be his good frende,
In hell for to dwell worlde without ende.
Lo, yonder I se *Every-man* valkyng :
Full lytell he thynketh on my comyng ;
His mynde is on fleshly lustes, and his treasure ;
And grete payne it shall cause him to endure
Before the Lorde heven kynge. —
Every-man, stande styll : whyder art thou goyng
Thus gayly ? hast thou thy maker forgete ?

Every-man.

Why askest thou ?
Woldest thou wete ?

Dethe.

Ye, syr, I wyll shewe you ;
In grete haste I am sende to the
Fro God out of his mageste.

Every-man.

What, sente to me !

Dethe.

Ye, certaynly :
Thoughe thou have forgete hym here,
He thynketh on the in the heavenly spere ;
As, or we departe, thou shalt knowe.

Every-man

Every-man.

What desyreth God of me?

Dethe.

That shall I shewe thee;
A rekenynge he wyll nedes have
Without ony lenger respite.

Every-man.

To gyve a rekenynge longer layser I crave;
This blynde mater troubleth my wytte.

Dethe.

On the thou must take a longe journey,
Therfore thy boke of counte with the thou brynge,
For tourne agayne thou can not by no waye;
And loke, thou be sure of thy rekenynge;
For before God thou shalte answer and shewe
Thy many badde dedes, and good but a fewe,
How thou hast spent thy lyfe, and in what wise,
Before the chefe lord of paradyse
Have I do we were in that waye,
For, wete thou well, thou shalte make none attournay.

Every-man.

Full unredy I am suche rekenynge to gyve:
I know the not; what messenger art thou?

Dethe.

I am *Dethe*, that no man dredeth;
For every man I reste, and no man spareth,
For it is Goddes commaundement
That all to me sholde be obedyent.

Every-man.

O *Dethe*, thou comest whan I had the leest in mynde:
In thy power it lyeth me to save;
Yet of my good wyl I gyve the, if thou wyl be kynde,
Ye a thousande pounce shalte thou have,
And dyfferre this mater tyl another daye.

Dethe.

Every-man, it may not be by no waye;
I set not by golde, sylver, nor rychesse,
Ne by pope, emperour, kyng, duke, ne prynces;
For, and I wolde receyve gyftes grete,
All the worlde I might gete;
But my custome is clene contrary:
I gyve the no respyte, come hens, and not tary.

Every-man.

Alas, shall I have no lenger respyte?
I may saye, *Dethe* gyveth no warnynge:
To thynke on the it maketh my herte seke;
For all unredy is my boke of rekenynge:
But xii yere and I myght have abydynge,

My

My countynge boke I wolde make so clere,
That my rekenynge I sholde not nede to fere.
Wherefore, *Dethe*, I praye the for Goddes mercy,
Spare me tyll I be provyded of remedy.

Dethe.

The avayleth not to crye, wepe, and praye :
But hast the lyghtly that thou were gone this journaye :
And preve thy frendes yf thou can ;
For, wete thou well, the tyde abydeyth no man,
And in the worlde eche lyvynge creature
For *Adam's* synne must dye of nature.

Every-man.

Dethe, yf I sholde this plygrymage take,
And my rekenynge fuerly make,
Shewe me, for saint *Charite*,
Sholde I not come agayne shortly ?

Dethe.

No, *Every-man*, and thou be ones there,
Thou mayst never more come here,
Trust me veryly.

Every-man.

O gracious God in the hye sete celestyall,
Have mercy on me in this moost nede. —
Shall I have no company fro this vale terrestryall
Of myne acqueynce that way me to lede ?

Dethe.

Ye, if ony be so hardy,
That wolde go with the, and bere the company :
Hye the that thou were gone to Goddes magnyfycence,
Thy rekenynge to gyve before his presence.
What, wenest thou thy lyve is gyven the,
And thy worldely goodes also ?

Every-man.

I had wende so veryle.

Dethe.

Nay, naye ; it was but lende the,
For as soone as thou art go,
Another a whyle shall have it, and than go ther fro,
Even as thou hast done.
Every-man, thou arte made, thou hast thy wyttes fyve ;
And here on erthe wyll not amende thy lyve ;
For sodenely I do come.

Every-man.

O wretched caytyfe, whe'er shall I flee,
That I myght scape this endles sorowe ! —
Now, gentyll *Deth*, spare me tyll to morowe,
That I may amende me
With good advysement.

Dethe

Detbe.

Naye, therto I wyll not consent,
 Nor no man wyll I respyte;
 But to the herte sodeynly I shall smyte
 Without ony advysement.
 And now out of thy syght I wyll me hy;
 Se, thou make the redy shortely,
 For thou mayst saye, this is the daye
 That no man lyvyng may scape a waye.

Every-man.

Alas! I may well wepe with syghes depe:
 Now have I no maner of company
 To helpe me in my journey, and me to kepe;
 And also my wrytyng is full unredy.
 How shall I do now for to excuse me!
 I wolde to God, I had never begete;
 To my soule a fulle grete profyte it had be;
 For now I fere paynes huge and grete.
 The tyme passeth: — Lorde, helpe that all wrought;
 For though I mourne it avayleth nought:
 The day passeth, and is almost ago;
 I wote not well what for to do.
 To whome were I best my complaynt to make?
 What, and I to *Felawshyp* therof spake,
 And shewed hym of this sodeyne chaunce!
 For in hym is all myne affyaunce;
 We have in the worlde so many a daye
 Be good frendes in sporte and playe.
 I se hym yonder certaynely;
 I trust, that he will bere me company,
 Therfore to hym wyll I speke to ese my sorowe.
 Well mette, good *Felawshyp*; and good morowe.

Felawshyp speketh.

Every-man, good morowe by this day:
 Syr, why lokest thou so pyteously?
 If ony thyng be a mysse, I praye the, me saye,
 That I may helpe to remedy.

Every-man.

Ye, good *Felawshyp*, ye,
 I am in greate jeopardde.

Felawshyp.

My true frende, shewe to me your mynde;
 I wyll not forsake the to my lyves ende,
 In the waye of good company.

Every-man.

That was well spoken, and lovyngly.

Felawshyp.

Syr, I must nedes knowe your hevynesse;

I have

I have pyte to se you in ony dystresse:
If ony have you wronged ye shall revenged be,
Thoughe I on the grounde be slayne for the,
Though that I knowe before that I sholde dye.

Every-man.

Veryly, *Felawshyp*, gramercy.

Felawshyp.

Tusshe! by thy thanks I set not a strawe;
Shewe me your grefe, and saye no more.

Every-man.

If I my herte sholde to you breke,
And than you to tourne your mynde fro me,
And wolde not me comforte whan ye here me speke,
Than sholde I tentymes soryer be.

Felawshyp.

Syr, I say as I wyll do in dede.

Every-man.

Than be you a good frende at nede;
I have founde you true here before.

Felawshyp.

And so ye shall evermore;
For, in fayth, and thou go to hell,
I wyll not forsake the by the waye.

Every-man.

Ye speke lyke a good frende, I byleve you well;
I shall deserve it and I maye.

Felawshyp.

I speke of no deservynge, by this daye;
For he that wyll saye and nothyng do,
Is not worthy with good company to go:
Therfore shewe me the grefe of your mynde,
As to your frende moost lovyng and kynde.

Every-man.

I shall shewe you how it is
Commaunded, I am to go a journaye,
A longe waye, harde and daungerous;
And gyve a straye counte without delaye
Before the hye judge *Adonay*:
Wherfore I pray you, bere me company,
As ye have promysed in this journaye.

Felawshyp.

That is mater in dede; promyse is duty,
But and I sholde take suche a vyage on me,
I knowe it well it sholde be to my payne:
Also it make me aferde certayne.
But let us take counsell here as well as we can,
For your wordes wolde fere a stronge man.

Every-man

Every-man.

Why, ye sayd — If I had nede,
Ye wolde me never forsake quicke ne deed,
Thoughe it were to hell truely.

Felawship.

So I sayd certaynely ;
But suche pleasures be set asyde, the sothe to saye,
And also yf we toke suche a journaye,
Whan sholde we come agayne ?

Every-man.

Naye, never agayne tyll the daye of dome.

Felawship.

In fayth, than wyll not I come there :
Who hath you these tydynges brought ?

Every-man.

In dede, *Deth* was with me here.

Felawship.

Now, by God that alle hathe bought,
If *Deth* were the messenger,
For no man that is lyvyng to daye
I wyll not go that lothe journaye,
Not for the fader that bygate me.

Every-man.

Ye promysed other wyse, parde.

Felawship.

I wote well I say so truely,
And yet if thou wylte ete and drynke, and make good chere,
Or haunt to women the lusty company,
I wolde not forsake you whyle the daye is clere,
Trust me veryly.

Every-man.

Ye, therto ye wolde be redy ;
To go to myrthe, solas, and playe,
Your mynde wyll sooner apply
Than to bere me company in my longe journaye.

Felawship.

Now, in good fayth, I wyll not that way ;
But and thou wyll murder, or ony man kyll,
In that I wyll helpe thee with a good wyll.

Every-man.

O, that is a symple advyse in dede .
Gentyll *Felawe*, help me in my necessitye ;
We have loved longe, and now I nede,
And now, gentyll *Felawshyp*, remembre me.

Felawship.

Wheder ye have loved me or no,
By saynt *John*, I wyll not with the go.

Every-man

Every-man.

Yet I pray the, take the labour, and do so moche for me,
To brynge me forward, for saint *Charyte*,
And comforte me tyll I come without the towne.

Felawshyp.

Nay, and thou wolde gyve me a new gowne,
I wyll not a fote with the go;
But and thou had taryed, I wolde not have left the so:
And as now, God spede the in thy journeye!
For from the I wyll departe as fast as I maye.

Every-man.

Wheder awaye, *Felawshyp*? will you forsake me?

Felawshyp.

Ye, by my faye; to God I be take the.

Every-man.

Farewell, good *Felawshyp*; for this my herte is sore:
A dewe for ever, I shall se the no more.

Felawshyp.

In fayth, *Every-man*, fare well now at the ende;
For you I wyll remembre that partynge is mournynge.

Every-man.

Alacke! shall we this departe in dede?
A! Lady, helpe, without ony more comforte,
Lo, *Felawshyp* forsaketh me in my moost nede:
For helpe in this worlde wheder shall I resorte?
Felawshyp here before with me wolde mery make;
And now lytell sorowe for me dooth he take.
It is sayd, in prosperyte men frendes may fynde,
Whiche in adversyte be full unkynde.
Now wheder for socoure shall I flee,
Syth that *Felawshyp* hath forsaken me?
To my kynnesmen I wyll truely,
Prayenge them to helpe me in my necessity;
I byleve, that they wyll do fo;
For kynde wyll crepe where it may not go.
I wyll go saye: for jonder I se them go: —
Where be ye now, my frendes and kynnesmen?

Kynrede.

Here be we now at your commaundement:
Cofyn, I praye you, shewe us your entent
In ony wise, and not spare.

Cofyn.

Ye, *Every-man*, and to us declare
If ye be disposed to go ony whyder;
For, wete you well wyll lyve and dye to gyder,

Kynrede.

In welth, and wo, we wyll with you holde;
For over his kynne a man may be bolde.

Every-man

Every-man.

Gramercy, my frendes and kynnesmen kynde :
Now shall I shewe you the grefe of my mynde.
I was commaunded by a messenger,
That is a hye kynges chefe offycer ;
He bad me go a pylgrymage to my payne,
And, I knowe well, I shall never come agayne :
Also I must gyve a rekenynge straye ;
For I have a grete enemy that hath me in wayte,
Whiche entendeth me for to hynder.

Kynrede.

What a counte is that whiche ye must render ?
That wolde I knowe.

Every-man.

Of all my workes I muse shewe,
How I have lyved, and my dayes spent ;
Also of yll dedes that I have used
In my tyme syth lyfe was me lent,
And of all vertues that I have refused :
Therefore I praye you, go thyder with me
To helpe to make myn accounte, for saint *Charyte*.

Cofyn.

What, to go thyder ? Is that the mater ?
Nay, *Every-man*, I had lever fast brede and water,
All this fyve yere and more.

Every-man.

Alas, that ever I was bore !
For now shall I never be mery,
If that you forsake me.

Kynrede

A, syr ; what, ye be a mery man :
Take good herte to you, and make no mone,
But one thyng I warne you, by saint *Anne*,
As for me ye shall go alone.

Every-man.

My *Cofyn*, wyll you not with me go ?

Cofyn.

No, by our Lady, I have the crampe in my to :
Trust not to me ; for, so God me spede,
I wyll deceyve you in your moost nede.

Kynrede.

It avayleth not us to tyse :
Ye shall have my mayde, with all my herte ;
She loveth to go to feestes there to be nyse,
And to daunce, and a brode to sterte :
I wyll gyve her leve to helpe you in that journey,
If that you and she may agree.

Every-man

Every-man.

Now shewe me the very effecte of your mynde ;
Wyll you go with me, or abyde be hynde ?

Kynrede.

Abyde behynde ! ye, that wyll I and I maye ;
Therfore farewell tyll another daye.

Every-man.

Howe sholde I be mery or gladde ?
For fayre promyses men to me make ;
But, when I have moost nede, they me forsake ;
I am deceyved, that maketh me fadde.

Cosyn.

Cosyn *Every-man*, farewell now ;
For, veryly, I wyll not go with you :
Also of myne owne an unredy rekenynge
I have to accounte, therfore I make taryenge ;
Now God kepe the, for now I go.

Every-man.

A, *Jesus*, is all come here to ?
Lo, fayre wordes maketh fooles fayne ;
They promyse, and nothyng wyll do certayne.
My kynnesmen promysed me faythfully,
For to abyde with me stedfastly ;
And now fast a waye do they flee :
Even so *Felawship* promysed me.
What frende were best me of to provyde ?
I lose my time here longer to abyde ;
Yet in my mynde a thyng there is, —
All my lyfe I have loved ryches ;
If that my good now helpe me myght,
He wolde make my herte full light :
I wyll speke to him in this distresse. —
Where arte thou, my *Gooddes*, and ryches ?

Goodes.

Who calleth me ? *Every-man* ? what hast thou haste ?
I lye here in corners trussed and pyled so hye,
And in chestes I am locked so fast,
Also sacked in bagges, thou mayst se with thyn eye,
I can not styre ; in packes lowe I lye :
What wolde ye have, lightly me saye.

Every-man.

Come hyder, *Good*, in al the hast thou may ;
For of counseyll I must desyre the.

Goodes.

Syr, and ye in the worlde have sorowe or adversyte,
That can I helpe you to remedy shortly.

Every-man.

It is another dysease that greveth me ;

In this

In this world it is not, I tell thee so,
 I am sent for an other way to go,
 To gyve a strayte counte generall
 Before the hiest *Jupiter* of all :
 And all my lyfe I have had joye and pleasure in the,
 Therefore I pray the go with me ;
 For, paraventure, thou mayst before God almighty
 My rekenynge helpe to clene and purifye,
 For it is saide ever amonge
 That money maketh all ryght that is wronge.

Goodes.

Nay, *Every-man*, I synge an other songe ;
 I folowe no man in suche vyages,
 For, and I wente with the,
 Thou sholdes fare moche the worse for me :
 For bycause on me thou dyd set thy mynde,
 Thy rekenynge I have made blotted and blynde,
 That thyne accounte thou can not make truly ;
 And that hast thou for the love of me.

Every-man.

That wolde greve me full sore,
 Whan I sholde come to that ferefull answer :
 Up, let us go thyder togyder.

Goodes.

Nay, not so ; I am to brytell, I may not endure :
 I wyll folowe no man one fote be ye sure.

Every-man.

Alas, I have the loved, and had grete pleasure
 All my lyfe dayes on good and treasure.

Goodes.

That is to thy dampnacyon without lesynge,
 For my love is contrary to the love everlastynge ;
 But yf thou had me loved moderately durynge,
 As, to the poore gyve parte of me,
 Than sholdest thou not in this dolour be,
 Nor in this grete sorowe and care.

Every-man.

Lo, now was I deceyved or I was ware,
 And all I may wyte my spendynge of tyme.

Goodes.

What, wenest thou that I am thyne ?

Every-man.

I had went so.

Goodes.

Naye, *Everyman*, I saye no :
 As for a whyle I was lente the ;
 A season thou hast had me in prosperyte ;
 My condycyon is mannes soule to kyll,
 If I save one a thousande I do spyll :

Wenest

Wenest thou that I wyll folowe the?
Nay, fro this worlde not veryle.

Every-man.

I had wende otherwyse.

Goodes.

Therefore to thy soule *Good* is a thefe,
For whan thou arte deed, this is my gyse,
Another to deceyve in this same wyse,
As I have done the, and all to his soules reprefe.

Every-man.

O false *Good*, cursed thou be,
Thou traytour to God that hast deceyved me,
And caught me in thy snare.

Goodes.

Mary, thou brought thy self in care,
Wherof I am gladde,
I must nedes laugh, I can not be fadde.

Every-man.

A, *Good*, thou hast had longe my hertely love;
I gave the that whiche sholde be the Lordes above:
But wylte thou not go with me in dede?
I pray the trouth to saye.

Goodes.

No, so God me spede;
Therefore fare well, and have good daye.

Every-man.

O, to whome shall I make my mone!
For, to go with me in that hevy journaye,
Fyrst, *Felawshyp* sayd, he wolde with me gone;
His wordes were very pleasaunt and gaye,
But afterwarde he lefte me alone.
Than spake I to my kynnesmen all in dyspayre,
And also they gave me wordes fayre,
They lacked no fayre spekyng;
But all forsake me in the endyng.
Than wente I to my *Goodes* that I loved best,
In hope to have comforte; but there had I leest:
For my *Goodes* sharpely dyd me tell,
That he bryngeth many in to hell.
Than of myself I was ashamed,
And so I am worthy to be blamed:
Thus may I well my selfe hate.
Of whome shall I now counseyll take?
I thynke, that I shall never spede,
Tyll that I go to my *Good-Dede*;
But, alas! she is so weke,
That she can nother go nor speke:
Yet wyll I venter on her now. —
My *Good-Dedes*, where be you?

Good-dedes

Good-dedes.

Here I lye colde in the grounde;
Thy sinnes hath me sore bounde,
That I can not stere.

Every-man.

O *Good-dedes*, I stande in fere;
I must you praye of counseyll,
For helpe now sholde come ryght well.

Good-dedes.

Every-man, I have understandyng,
That ye be somoned a counte to make
Before *Myssias* of *Jherusalem* kynge,
And you do by me that journey what you wyll I take.

Every-man.

Therefore I come to you my moone to make:
I praye you, that ye wyll go with me.

Good-dedes.

I wolde full fayne, but I can not stande verly.

Every-man.

Why, is there ony thyng on you fall?

Good-dedes.

Ye, sir, I may thanke you of all;
If ye had parfytely chered me,
Your boke of counte full redy had be.
Loke, the bokes of your workes and dedes eke;
A, se how they lye under the fete,
To your soules hevynes.

Every-man.

Our Lorde *Jefus* helpe me,
For one letter here I cannot se.

Good-dedes.

There is a blynde rekenyng in tyme of dystres.

Every-man.

Good-dedes, I praye you, helpe me in this nede,
Or elles I am for ever dampned in dede;
Therefore helpe me to make rekenyng
Before the redemer of all thyng,
That kynge is, and was, and ever shall.

Good-dedes.

Every-man, I am sory of your fall,
And fayne wolde I helpe you and I were able.

Every-man.

Good-dedes, your counseyll I pray you give me.

Good-dedes.

That shall I do verly:
Thoughe that on my fete I may not go,
I have a syster that shall with you also,
Called *Knowlege*, whiche shall with you abide,

To helpe

To helpe you to make that dredeful rekenynge.

Knowlege.

Every-man, I wyll go with thee, and be thy guide,
In thy moost nede to go by thy syde.

Every-man.

In good condycyon I am now in every thyng,
And am hole content with this good thyng,
Thanked by God my creature.

Good-dedes.

And whan he hath brought you there,
Where thou shalt hele the of thy smarte,
Than go you with your rekenynge and your good dedes to-
For to make you joyfull at herte [gyder,
Before the blessed Trynyte.

Every-man.

My *Good-dedes*, gramercy ;
I am well content certaynly
With your wordes swete.

Knowlege.

Now go we togyder lovyngly
To *Confessyon*, that clensynge ryvere.

Every-man.

For joy I wepe: I wolde we were there;
But, I pray you, gyve me cognycyon,
Where dwelleth that holy man *Confessyon*?

Knowlege.

In the house of salvacyon ;
We shall fynde hym in that place,
That shall us comforte by Goddes grace.—
Lo, this is *Confessyon*: knele downe, and aske mercy ;
For he is in good conceyte with God almyghty.

Every-man.

O glorious fountayne that all unclenenes doth claryfy,
Wasshe fro me the spottes of vyce unclene,
That on me no synne may be sene ;
I come with *Knowlege* for my redempcyon,
Redempte with herte and full contricyon,
For I am commaunded a pylgrymage to take,
And grete accountes before God to make.
Now I pray you, *Shryfte*, moder of salvacyon,
Helpe my good dedes for my pyteous exclamacyon.

Confessyon.

I knowe your sorowe well, *Every-man* :
Bycause with *Knowlege* ye come to me,
I wyll you comforte as well as I can ;
And a precyous jewell I wyll gyve the,
Called penaunce, voyce voyder of adversyte :
Therwith shall your body chastysed be

With

With abstynence and perseveraunce in Goddes servyce :
 Here shall you receyve that scourge of me,
 Whiche is penaunce stronge that ye must endure,
 To remembre thy Savyour was scourged for the
 With sharpe scourges, and suffred it pacyently :
 So must thou, or thou scape that paynful pylgrymage. —
Knowlege, kepe him in this vyage,
 And by that tyme *Good-dedes* wyll be with the :
 But in ony wyse be seker of mercy,
 For your tyme draweth fast ; and ye wyll saved be,
 Aske God mercy, and he wyll graunte truely :
 Whan with the scourge of penaunce man doth hym bynde.
 The oyle of forgyvenes than shall he fynde.

Every-man.

Thanked be God for his gracyous werke ;
 For now I wyll my penaunce begyn :
 This hath rejoyssed and lyghted my herte,
 Though the knottes be paynful and harde within.

Knowlege.

Every-man, loke your penaunce that ye fulfyll,
 What payne that ever it to you be ;
 And *Knowlege* shall gyve you counseyll at wyll,
 How your accounte ye shall make clerely.

Every-man.

O eternal God, o heavenly fygure,
 O way of ryghtwysnes, o goodly vysyon,
 Which dyscended downe in a vyrgyne pure
 Bycause he wolde *Every-man* redeme,
 Which *Adam* forfayted by his disobedyence,
 O blessyd Godheed electe and hye devyne,
 Forgyve my grevous offence ;
 Here I crye the mercy in this presence :
 O ghostly treasure, o raunsomer and redemer
 Of all the worlde, hope and conduyter,
 Myrrour of joye, foundatour of mercy,
 Whiche enlumyneth heven and erth therby,
 Here my clamorous complaynt, though it late be,
 Receyve my prayers ; unworthy in this hevy lyfe
 Though I be, a synner most abhomynable,
 Yet let my name be wryten in *Moyse* table. —
 O *Mary*, praye to the maker of all thyng
 Me for to helpe at my endynge,
 And save me fro the power of my enemy ;
 For *Deth* assayleth me strongly :
 And, Lady, that I may be meane of thy prayer
 Of your sones glory to be partynere,
 By the meanes of his passyon, I it crave ;
 I beseche you, helpe my soule to save. —

Knowlege

Knowlege, gyve me the scourge of penaunce,
My flesshe therwith shall gyve acqueyntance;
I wyll now begyn, yf God gyve me grace.

Knowlege.

Every-man, God gyve you tyme and space:
Thus I bequeth you in the handes of our savyour;
Now may you make your rekenynge sure.

Every-man.

In the name of the holy Trynyte,
My body sore punyshed shall be,
Take this body for the synne of the flesshe;
Also thou delytest to go gay and freshe;
And in the way of dampnacyon thou dyd me brynge,
Therefore suffre now strokes of punysshynge:
Now of penaunce I wyll wade the water clere,
To save me from purgatory that sharpe fyre.

Good-dedes.

I thanke God, now I can walke and go,
And am delyvered of my sykenesse and wo;
Therefore with *Every-man* I wyll go, and not spare,
His good workes I wyll helpe hym to declare.

Knowlege.

Now, *Every-man*, be mery and glad;
Your *Good-dedes* cometh now, ye may not be sad:
Now is your *Good-dedes* hole and sounde,
Goynge upryght upon the grounde.

Every-man.

My herte is lyght, and shall be evermore;
Now wyll I smyte faster than I dyde before.

Good-dedes.

Every-man pylgryme, my special frende,
Blessyd be thou without ende;
For the is preparate the eternal glory:
Ye have me made hole and sounde,
Therefore I will byde by the in every stounde.

Every-man.

Welcome, my *Good-dedes*. now I here thy voyce
I wepe for very swetenes of love.

Knowlege.

Be no more sad, but ever rejoyce,
God seeth thy lyvyng in his trone above;
Put on his garment to thy behove,
Whiche is wette with your teres,
Or elles before God you may it mysse,
Whan ye to your journeys ende come shall.

Every-man.

Gentyll *Knowlege*, what do ye it call?

Knowlege

Knowlege.

It is a garment of sorowe,
Fro payne it wyll you borowe;
Contrycyon it is,
That getteth forgyvenes,
He pleaseth God passynge well.

Good-dedes.

Every-man, wyll you were it for your hele?

Every-man.

Now blessyd be *Jesu*, *Maryes* sone;
For now have I on true contrycyon:
And lette us go now without taryenge. —
Good-dedes, have we clere our rekenynge?

Good-dedes.

Ye, indede, I have here.

Every-man.

Than I trust we nede not fere: —
Now, frendes, let us not parte in twayne.

Kynrede.

Nay, *Every-man*, that wyll we not certayne.

Good-dedes.

Yet must thou led with the
Thre persones of grete myght.

Every-man.

Who sholde they be?

Good-dedes.

Dyscrecyon and *Strength* they hyght,
And thy *Beaute* may not abyde behynde.

Knowlege.

Also ye must call to mynde
Your *Fyve-wyttes* as for your counseylours.

Good-dedes.

You must have them ready at all houres.

Every-man.

Howe shall I gette them hyder?

Kynrede.

You must call them all togyder,
And they wyll here you in contynent.

Every-man.

My frendes, come hyder, and be present,
Dyscrecyon, *Strengthe*, my *Fyve-wyttes* and *Beauty*.

Beaute.

Here at your wyll we be all redy;
What wyll ye that we sholde do?

Good-dedes.

That ye wolde with *Every-man* go,
And helpe hym in his pylgrymage:
Advyse you, wyll ye with him or not in that vyage?

Strength

Strength.

We wyll brynge hym all thyder
To his helpe and comforte, ye may byleve me.

Dyscrecyon.

So wyll we go with hym all togyder.

Every-man.

Almyghty God, loved myght thou be ;
I gyve the laude that I have hyder brought
Strength, Dyscrecyon, Beaute, Fyve-wyttes, lacke I nought :
And my *Good-dedes*, with *Knowlege* clere,
All be in my company at my wyll here ;
I desyre no more to my besynes.

Strengthe.

And I *Strength* wyll by you stande in dystres,
Though thou wolde in batayle fyght on the grounde.

Fyve-wyttes.

And though it were thurgh the worlde rounde,
We wyll not departe for swete ne soure,

Beaute.

No more wyll I unto dethes houre,
Watsoever therof befall.

Dyscrecyon.

Every-man, advyse you fyrst of all,
Go with a good advyement and delyberacyon .
We all gyve you vertuous monycyon,
That all shall be well.

Every-man.

My frendes, harken what I wyll tell ;
I praye God rewarde you in his heven spere :
Now herken all that be here ;
For I wyll make my testament
Here before you all present :
In almes, halfe my good I wyll gyve with my handes
[twayne,

In the way of charyte, with good entent,
And the other halfe styll shall remayne,
In queth to be retourned there it ought to be.
This I do in despyte of the fende of hell,
To go quyte out of his perell
Ever after and this daye.

Knowlege.

Every-man, herken what I saye ;
Go to presthode I you advyse,
And receyve of him in ony wyse
The holy sacrament and oyntement togyder,
Than shortly se, ye tourne agayne hyder,
We wyll all abyde you here.

Fyve-wyttes

Fyve-wittes.

Ye, *Every-man*, hye you that ye redy were :
 There is no emperour, kynge, duke, ne baron,
 That of God hath commycyon,
 As hath the leest preest in the worlde beygne ;
 For of the blessyd sacramentes pure and benygne
 He bereth the keyes, and thereof hath the cure
 For mannes redempcyon, it is ever sure,
 Whiche God for our soules medycyne
 Gave us oute of his herte with grete payne,
 Here in this transytory lyfe for the and me :
 The blessyd sacramentes, vii there be,
 Baptym, confyrmacyon, with preesthode good,
 And the sacrament of Goddes precyous flesshe and blood,
 Maryage, the holy extreme unccyon, and penaunce ;
 These seven be good to have in remembraunce,
 Gracyous sacramentes of hye devynyte.

Every-man.

Fayne wolde I receyve that holy body ;
 And mekely to my ghostly fader I wyll go.

Fyve-wyttes.

Every-man, that is the best that ye can do ;
 God wyll you to salvacyon brynge,
 For preesthode excedeth all other thyng ;
 To us holy scrypture they do teche,
 And converteth man fro synne heven to reche ;
 God hath to them more power gyven
 Than to ony aungell that is in heven :
 With V wordes he may consecrate
 Goddes body in flesshe and blode to make,
 And handeleth his maker bytwene his handes,
 The preest byndeth and unbyndeth all bandes
 Bothe in erthe and in heven, —
 Thou mynystres all the sacramentes seven,
 Though we kysse thy fete thou were worthy,
 Thou art surgyon that cureth synne deedly,
 No remedy we fynde under God,
 But all onely preesthode.

Every-man, God gave preest that dygnyte,
 And setteth them in his stede amonge us to be ;
 Thus be they above aungelles in degree.

Knowlege.

If preestes be good it is so suerly,
 But whan *Jesu* hanged on the crosse with grete smarte,
 There he gave out of his blessyd herte
 The same sacrament in grete tourment,
 He solde them not to us that Lorde omnyotent,
 Therefore saynt *Peter* the apostell dothe saye,

That

That *Jesús* curse hath all they
 Whiche God theyr favyours do by or sell,
 Or they for ony money do take or tell,
 Synfull preestes gyveth the synners example bad,
 Theyr chyldeyn sytteth by other mennes fyres I have harde,
 And some haunteth womens company,
 With unclene lyfe as lustes of lechery;
 These be with synne made blynde.

Fyve-wyttes.

I trust to God, no suche may we fynde:
 Therefore let us preesthode honour,
 And folowe theyr doctryne for our soules socoure;
 We be theyr shepe, and they shepetherdes be,
 By whome we all be kept in suerte.—
 Peas! for yonder I see *Every-man* come,
 Whiche hath made true satisfaccyon.

Good-dedes.

Me thynke, it is he in dede.

Every-man.

Now *Jesu* be your alder spede!
 I have receyved the sacrament for my redempcyon,
 And than myne extreme unccyon;
 Blessyd be all they that counseyled me to take it:
 And now, frendes, let us go without longer respyte;
 I thanke God, that ye have taryed so longe.
 Now set eche of you on this rodde your honde;
 And shortely folowe me;
 I go before there I wolde be: God be your gyde.

Strength.

Every-man, we wyll not fro you go,
 Tyll ye have done this vyage longe.

Dyscrecyon.

I *Dyscrecyon* wyll byde by you also.

Knowlege.

And though this pylgrymage be never so stronge,
 I wyll never parte you fro:

Every-man, I wyll be as sure by the,
 As ever I dyde by *Judas Machabee*.

Every-man.

Alas! I am so faynt I may not stande,
 My lymmes under me doth folde:
 Frendes, let us not tourne agayne to this lande,
 Not for all the worldes golde;
 For in to this cave must I crepe,
 And tourne to erth and there to slepe.

Beaute.

What, in to this grave? Alas!

Every-man

Every-man.

Ye, there shall ye consume more and lesse.

Beaute.

And what, sholde I smoder here?

Every-man.

Ye, by my fayth, and never more appere;
In this worlde lyve no more we shall,
But in heven before the hiest Lorde of all.

Beaute.

I crosse out all this: adewe, by saynt Johan;
I take my tappe in my lappe, and am gone.

Every-man.

What, *Beaute*? whyder wyll ye?

Beaute.

Peas! I am defe, I loke not behynde me,
Not and thou woldest gyve me all the golde in thy chest.

Every-man.

Alas! wherto may I truste?

Beaute gothe fast awaye fro me,
She promysed with me to lyve and dye.

Strength.

Every-man, I wyll the also forsake and denye,
Thy game lyketh me not at all.

Every-man.

Why than ye wyll forsake me all:
Swete *Strength*, tary a lytell space.

Strength.

Nay, sir, by the rode of grace,
I wyll hye me from the fast,
Though thou wepe to thy heart to brast.

Every-man.

Ye wolde ever byde by me, ye sayd.

Strength.

Ye, I have you ferre ynoughe conveyde:
Ye be olde ynoughe, I understande,
Your pylgrymage to take on hande;
I repent me, that I hyder came.

Every-man.

Strength, you to dysplease I am to blame;
Wyll ye breke promyse that is dette?

Strength.

In fayth, I care not:
Thou art but a foole to complayne;
You spende your speche, and waste your brayne:
Go, thurst the in to the grounde.

Every-man.

I had wende surer I sholde you have founde:
He that trusteth in his *Strength*,

She hym deceyveth at the length ;
Bothe *Strength* and *Beaute* forsaketh me,
Yet they promysed me fayre and lovyngly.

Dyscrecyon.

Every-man, I wyll after *Strength* be gone ;
As for me I wyll leve you alone.

Every-man.

Why, *Dyscrecyon*, wyll ye forsake me ?

Dyscrecyon.

Ye, in fayth, I wyll go fro the ;
For whan *Strength* goth before,
I folowe after ever more.

Every-man.

Yet, I pray the, for the love of the Trynyte,
Loke in my grave ones pyteously.

Dyscrecyon.

Nay, fo nye wyll I not come.
Fare well everychone.

Every-man.

O, all thyng fayleth, save God alone,
Beaute, *Strength*, and *Dyscrecyon*;
For, whan *Deth* bloweth his blast,
They all renne fro me full fast.

Fyve-wyttes.

Every-man, my leve now of the I take ;
I wyll folowe the other, for here I the forsake.

Every-man.

Alas ! than may I wayle and wepe ;
For I toke you for my best frende.

Fyve-wyttes.

I wyll no lenger the kepe :
Now farewell, and there an ende.

Every-man.

O *Jesu*, helpe ! all hath forsaken me.

Good-dedes.

Nay, *Every-man*, I wyll byde with the,
I wyll not forsake the in dede ;
Thou shalt fynde me a good frende at nede.

Every-man.

Gramercy, *Good-dedes*, now may I true frendes se ;
They have forsaken me everychone,
Knowlege, wyll ye forsake me also ?

Knowlege.

Ye, *Every-man*, whan ye to deth shall go ;
But not yet for no maner of daunger.

Every-man.

Gramercy, *Knowlege*, with all my herte.

Knowlege

Knowledge.

Nay, yet I wyll not from hens departe,
Tyll I see where ye shall be come.

Every-man.

Me thynke, alas! that I must be gone
To make my rekenynge, and my dettes paye;
For, I se, my tyme is nye spent awaye. —
Take example, all ye that this do here or se,
How they that I love best do forsake me;
Excepte my *Good-dedes*, that bydeth truly.

Good-dedes.

All erthly thynges is but vanyte,
Beaute, *Strength*, and *Dyscrecyon*, do man forsake,
Follysshe frendes, and kynnesmen, that fayre spake;
All fleeth save *Good-dedes*, and that am I.

Every-man.

Have mercy on me, God moost mighty, —
And stande by me thou moder and mayde, holy *Mary*.

Good-dedes.

Fere not, I wyll speke for the.

Every-man.

Here I crye God mercy.

Good-dedes.

Shorte our ende and mynysshe our payne:
Let us go, and never come agayne.

Every-man.

In to thy handes, Lorde, my soule I commende,
Receyve it, Lorde, that it be not lost;
As thou me boughtest, so me defende,
And save me from the fendes boost,
That I may appere with that blessyd hoost
That shall be saved at the day of dome:
(*In manus tuas*) — of myghtes moost
For ever — (*commendo spiritum meum.*)

Knowledge.

Now hath he suffred that we all shall endure,
The *Good-dedes* shall make all sure;
Now hath he made endynge:
Me thynketh that I here aungelles synge,
And make grete joy and melody,
Where every mannes soule receyved shall be.

The Aungell.

Come, excellent electe spouse to *Jesu*,
Here above thou shalt go,
Bycause of thy synguler vertue:
Now the soule is taken the body fro,
Thy rekenynge is crystall clere;
Now shalte thou in to the heavenly spere,

Unto

Unto the whiche all ye shall come
That lyveth well before the daye of dome.

Doctour.

This morall men may have in mynde ;
Ye herers, take it of worth olde and yonge,
And forsake pryde, for he deceyveth you in the ende,
And remembre *Beaute*, *Fyve-wyttes*, *Strength*, and *Dyscrecyon*,
They all at the last do *Every-man* forsake,
Save his *Good-dedes*, there doth he take :
But be ware, and they be small,
Before God he hath no helpe at all ;
None excuse may be there for *Every-man* :
Alas ! how shall he do than,
For after dethe amendes may no man make ;
For than mercy and pyte doth hym forsake ;
If his rekenynge be not clene whan he doth come,
God wyll saye — *Ite, maledicti, in ignem æternum* :
And he that hath his accounte hole and sounde,
Hye in heaven he shall be crounde ;
Unto whiche place God bringe us all thyder,
That we may lyve body and soule togyder ;
Therto helpe the Trynyte :
Amen saye ye, for saynt *Charyte*.

F I N I S.

Thus endeth this morall playe of *Every-man*.



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